

I'D FAIR BE HOME.

I'd fair be home! Home in my Father's mansion
Home at my father's breast;
Of this world's mischievous contention,
In deep and peaceful rest.
With those and whines upon life I entered,
But one is left, for all of them are centered
Now in a single hope, where'er I roam,
'Tis home, I'm tired of thy troubles, but
Let him enjoy who may!
Since 'tis God's will my cross I still will carry,
Will bravely fight with all patience tarry,
Yet in my dearest heart I sigh and moan:
I'd fair be home!

I'd fair be home, I saw in blessed visions
A better fatherland,
There is my home—what of the world's derisions
On earth is not my stand.
The spring is gone and homeward flies the swal-
low,
No more doth hold it, all baits to it are hollow,
It soars high over dale and hill and dome—
I'd go home.

I'd fair be home, when once—a babe—they car-
ried
Me to good things and play,
Enjoying it a little hour I tarried,
The joy then passed away.
While other children's eyes like stars yet glist-
ened,
And while their ears to all allurement listened,
In spite of all enjoyment's golden foam,
I would go home.

I'd fair be home! The frail ship seeks the har-
bor.
The brooklet seeks the sea,
The babe asleep in mother's arm, safe harbor.
I too at rest would be.
Full many a song I've sung in joy and sorrow—
'Tis all told like a tale—what brings to-morrow?
'Tis told to sing, I'm tired of toil and roam:
I'd fair be home!

HER LETTER.

Here's the last letter I had from Will.
Written at Venice, you see;
He's met Eddie and Jessie McGinn—
They "spoke so nicely" of me!
Eddie McGinn! Don't I know her ways,
Her smile and soft little tone?
She's a very sweet and gentle, he says—
She'd better leave Will alone.

I'm not jealous. Of course, I don't care;
But—well—we're engaged, you know,
And truly, now, don't it seem unfair
For Willie to tease me so?
And then—I can't find much fault, you see,
For fear he'd say something back:
Both these girls chatter so—why—that he—
Suppose they tell him about Jack! —Puck.

Fortescue's Sore Throat.

Hope Ledyard in Christian Union.

It was a delightful morning in early
spring; a gentle wind caressed the ten-
der leaves which had burst forth in the
night; a bird twittered now and again
with that peculiar clearness of sound
that only the first birds of the season
seem to possess, and the sun had sent
its heralds of the dawn far in advance—
long lines of yellow, purple and crimson,
with tender pink and blue still higher
in the sky.

Mr. Fortescue had risen early on pur-
pose to feast his eyes and mind on the
beauty of the landscape, and stood lost
in thought at his dressing-room window.
A plain business man, a thoroughbred
man, his neighbors called Ned Fortes-
cue; but he had an artist's eye and a
keen poetic instinct.

But suddenly his face clouded—he
had heard a sound that he understood
only too well. A harmless noise you
would have thought it—merely a slight
jar of iron against wood as Mrs. Fortes-
cue turned the bed-key.

"She's taking down our bed, as I'm
alive!" soliloquized Mr. Fortescue.
"That means house-cleaning, and no
peace for a week at least. What can be
done? Is there no way to get out of it?
I'm sure every carpet in the house was
lifted last fall."

The husband stood looking out of the
window, but no longer heeding the
sunrise—he was revolving a plan. "I'll
risk it," he said at last, and proceeded to
hunt up some strips of flannel.

Just as he was swathing his throat in
a long strip of red flannel Mrs. Fortes-
cue came to the door.

"I've taken the bed down, Ned, and
shall set to work at once. Hear the
birds, it's high time we were through
house cleaning. But, my dear Ned,
what is the matter? Don't tell me
you've a sore throat!"

Mr. Fortescue nodded, pointed to his
throat, and shook his head, as if solemn-
ly to indicate that speech was an impos-
sibility.

"Dear me! how very unfortunate. I
can't possibly clean house with you
ill."

Mr. Fortescue turned suddenly to the
window lest his delight should betray him.

"We must send for Dr. Horton," con-
tinued his wife, "and you must not
leave these rooms. I do not wish to
alarm you, my dear, but you know diph-
theria is so catching, and the children—"

For a moment more our hero wavered;
he had not any idea of being quaran-
tined. Besides, the doctor would see
through his deception. If only his wife
would have held her tongue for a few
minutes he would have confessed his
wickedness, and thrown himself upon
her mercy; but she, foolish woman, did
not know when to keep still. "I'll tell
you, Ned, what I'll do," if it's not clear
diphtheria, I'll just run off with the
children up to Aunt Maria's, and then,
if you are not better, I'll leave them
there and come back. To be sure, I
want to nurse you."

Here was a respite! No house-clean-
ing, and a house all to himself at that
loveliest time of the year. Annie was
such a slave to her house and her chil-
dren that he couldn't be blamed if she
seemed tiresome once in a while! So Mr.
Fortescue (speaking as hoarsely as he
could, and so over-acting that Annie be-
gan to fear pneumonia, and was thor-
oughly frightened) agreed to take his
breakfast apart from his family and see
the doctor as soon as possible.

"You'll be able to swallow a soft-boiled
egg, dear, and a cup of coffee, won't
you?" said Mrs. Fortescue, and Ned, who
could have eaten three or four mutton
chops with a relish, had to look ill and
nod acquiescence.

Dr. Horton was sent for, and came
and went promptly, and as Mrs. Fortes-
cue was washing the breakfast china, she
sent him up to see her husband, intend-
ing to follow soon.

"I'm in a pickle, and I must talk fast,"
said the patient, in a remarkably clear,
smooth voice, "for my wife will be up
in a moment. To tell the truth, Horton, I've
shammed sick to get rid of the house-
cleaning, and you must help me out.
Your bill would have come in a month
later if I had not, for Annie is always
sick after a spring cleaning. Now, tell
her I've got a diphtheritic throat—now-
telling serious, but that it would be safer for
her to take the children to Aunt Ma-

"I know your wife to well to imagine
she'd leave you," said the doctor, "for
all her devotion to the young ones."
"But she'd take them there, and then

I'll telegraph that I'm better, and per-
days they'll stay a few days. This lovely
weather won't last a week, and then
she'll be glad the cleaning is put off."

Mrs. Fortescue's voice was heard giv-
ing some directions to the servant; there
was only time for an assenting nod from
the doctor, and she was in the room,
anxious to learn his opinion of the pa-
tient.

"A diphtheritic throat, ma'am; there
is no cause for alarm—none whatever;
yet what is a light attack for the father
might prove fatal to a child."

"I'll take them away at once—at once!"
Ned, you don't think I'll neglect you?
I'll be back to-morrow, and you must
telegraph, and let me know the truth."

The two men felt guilty as they saw
that Mrs. Fortescue was really troubled.
It was only the vivid recollection of the
last spring cleaning, and the belief that
a few days at Aunt Maria's "would really
do Annie good," that enabled Mr. For-
tescue to carry out his part. As for the
doctor, he assured her that Ned was per-
fectly well except for a few spots on his
throat; that the quiet, and a few days
rest from business, would quite set him
up; and urged her to stay with the chil-
dren for a day or two if he could con-
sistently telegraph "All's well!"

Two or three hours later Mrs. Fortes-
cue and the two children drove off to the
depot, waving a good-by to "Poor Papa,"
who stood at his window, the red flan-
nel still about his throat. Dr. Horton
had telegraphed to two or three of Ned's
chums, and was to make his next call
about dinner time, when they hoped the
gentleman in question would have arriv-
ed. Meanwhile the cook and waiters
were quite relieved as to master's throat
by the hearty lunch he ordered and en-
joyed.

It chanced that all three of the chums
were able to accept the invitation. Jack
Downing never could resist the country
in such weather, and felt he could com-
bine business with pleasure, for Fortes-
cue had told him of the scenery about his
place, and he was sure of making some
sketches. Tom Bascomb was a medical
student, one who often spent his Sundays
at the Henery (as the Fortescues called
their place), and Mr. Driscombe, a hard-
working man of business, was fairly
shoved off by his wife, who knew how
much the poor man needed a breath of
real country air.

"I'm on the sick list," explained their
host, "Nothing worth mentioning except
that it gave me a chance of a holiday, and
as my wife is off with the children I
thought I would enjoy keeping bachelor's
hall for a few days."

And they did enjoy it! Jack sketched,
talked and smoked, Tom refused to think
of medicine or disease, kept them all
laughing, and amused himself, at the
piano, while "dear old Driscombe," as Ned
called his friend, who was a w, and
seemed ten years older than Ned, and
body, soul and spirit, enjoying the good
cooking, the clear air, the scenery, the
young man's jollity and his wife's letters,
which arrived twice a day.

"Throat doing splendidly," was the
telegram that relieved Annie Fortescue
on the evening of her arrival. Aunt
Maria was delighted to see the children,
and made so much of Annie herself that
the little woman decided not to go the
next morning if the news was good.

"Your husband almost well—no need
of nursing," was the telegram received
at 10 o'clock, and then all insisted that
since she had come she might as well
stay.

"Just telegraph to Ned that you'll stay
a week now you have left home," coaxed
her aunt. "You are such a slave to your
house, husband and children that I be-
gan to despair of a visit. I said to Thom-
as only the other day: 'Annie'll be sure
to be house cleaning if this warm spell
holds good!'"

"Why, queerly enough, I had begun,"
said Annie. "My bed was down; Ned al-
ways knows I mean business when I
unswear that great bed of ours. How
the dear old fellow hates house cleaning.
No, I can't promise a week, but I'll stay
on from day to day. Ned can't do with-
out me."

If she could have but seen Ned at that
moment! He was trying his hand at a
water cooler under Jack's tuition, while
Tom told story after story that made
Ned laugh so heartily he could not keep
his hand steady. Then followed a song,
Ned singing the solo, and all joining in
the chorus—singing is so good for a
sore throat.

The weather grew warmer each day.
Annie's housewifely instincts could not
resist such an opportunity. Ned was,
by his own account, quite well; the
children could stay at Aunt Maria's.
What a splendid chance to do the clean-
ing!

"I never knew such a succession of
spring days. The weather is heavenly.
It is inspiring. Why, before the rest of
you thought of getting out of your beds
Ned and I took a stroll, and see these
sketches," and Jack showed all of his
studies.

"Do you know, a woman only thinks
of—" Ned began; but he was interrupted;
he never finished the sentence, for
figure stood in the doorway, and, as all
four gentlemen turned, Annie looked
from one to the other, in very evident
amazement, and not with evident de-
light. Any woman who enjoys house-
keeping more than homemaking can en-
ter into her feelings.

Never had the sitting room looked so
homelike; but Annie only saw the bor-
der.

A box of water-colors here, the port-
folio of sketches there; a branch of cat-
kins was pinned above a picture, and in
two corners Mr. Driscombe had started
some ferns.

"Messrs." one and all, housewifely
Annie called them; yet as she looked
she could not be blind to the fact that
Ned was brighter and happier than he
had seemed for a year past. Even his
astonishment of her sudden appearance
did not bring back the clouded, repressed
expression so familiar to his wife; for
Ned knew that, though the woman he
had chosen as his wife was a trifle
too much devoted to mere externals, she
was a true lady, and would not be rude
to any guest, no matter how unwel-
come.

In far less time than it has taken to
write this Annie recovered herself, shook
hands with the two gentlemen, was
acquainted with, and was introduced to
Jack Downing, of whom she had often
heard. Nothing was said of the throat,
but after a private interview with Mary,
the waitress, Annie, who was no fool
and quick enough to learn a lesson, made
a resolution. She pressed her husband's
friends to stay a few days longer, watered
the ferns, hunted up a few more catkins,
and when she had Ned to herself said,
very demurely: "You needn't play sick
another spring day. I'll wait until

you've enjoyed the first lively weather
before I house-clean. Ned, I do like a
tidy house, but I believe I like you
even better."

"Annie, I'm ashamed of myself, but I
can't say I'm sorry, since you're so good
about it."

You do see something good in a love-
ly spring day besides an inspiration for
a thorough cleaning?"

"I see what these spring days have
done for you, Ned; I believe you've
been cleaning the cobwebs from your
brain. You must keep Jack Downing
here a week or two. After all, the house
need not be pulled to pieces every
spring, and I'll try to put up with a few
messes in the sitting room, since they
make you so happy."

And Annie let the bed key rest until
the following September.

IT WAS ONLY BLACK SAND.

Thrilling Experience of a Captain on the
Erie Canal.

New York Times.

A New England skipper, a shipping
clerk, and the captain of a canal boat sat
on the lee rail of a codfish schooner and
discussed the decline of the American
merchant marine. The clerk was wise
in fine points of law, the skipper was
filled to overflowing with wrath against
the land sharks at Washington, and the
captain assented with cheerful readiness
to the most conflicting of opinions. The
clerk wanted to reform congress by con-
gressional legislation, the skipper was
on the point of blowing up the capital
with dynamite, and the captain concided
with both opinions by remarking that
either remedy, if successfully carried in-
to effect, would produce astonishing re-
sults. Still, he ventured to suggest, it
would be a measure of precaution to use
gunpowder instead of dynamite, as gun-
powder in even the remotest of the south
was more deadly than all the dynamite
in the british isles.

"But it's so dangerous to handle," said
the skipper.

"How so?" inquired the clerk, who
had handled uncounted tons of explo-
sives.

"You never can tell it from black
sand."

There was silence for several minutes.
Then the captain spoke.

"Is black sand particularly dangerous?"
he asked.

"Mighty dangerous."

"How so?" asked the clerk, with a
tinge of humiliation for his ignorance.

"When you're down on the Chinese
coast, and you load up your gun
with black sand in mistake for powder
to repel an attack by pirates, you're al-
ways sure to be murdered, because the
black sand will not go off."

"Won't it?" asked the captain, in a
tone that implied that it would.

"I never heard," said the skipper.
The clerk was dumb through newly-
found ignorance.

"You see that scar," said the captain,
pointing to a red ridge across his cheek.
"Well give us the story," urged the
skipper.

"It was years ago," began the cap-
tain. "I was running a fast packet line
on the Erie canal from Albany to Buffalo.
I had a beautiful boat and four fast
horses every few miles. We carried the
mail and always had a big load of pas-
sengers. One trip we took on board a
lot of small barrels labeled 'black sand.'"

One of the barrels were accidentally
broken open, the cover lost, and a quart
or so of 'black sand' scattered about the
hold. The barrel was set out of the
way near the wine cask, and apparently
was forgotten. At dinner time some
more wine was wanted by some of the
passengers; and I went down to daaw it
from the cask. As the hold was dark I
took a broken piece of candle for a light.

Scarcely knowing what I did I struck
the candle upright in the 'black sand,'
and sat down on the floor to draw the
wine. I had been up all night and was
very tired, and somehow or other I fell
asleep. I must have shut off the faucet
while asleep, for when I awoke the wine
pitcher was filled and the faucet closed.
As I reached out my hand to take up
the candle I saw a sight that froze my
blood with horror. When I had slept
the candle had burned low and was on
the point of flickering out. In another
instant the flames would reach the
powder—fur of course it was powder, and
not black sand—and blow boat, crew, and
passengers to atoms. I died a thousand
deaths in an instant. I was paralyzed
with fear, and could only wait with star-
ing eyes for the end. Death was already
at my throat. The sound of laughter
in the cabin came strangely to my ears.
They were feasting in the face of a ter-
rible death. At last the end came. The
light flickered for a moment, flared up
for the last time, and then—"

"And then?" whispered the skipper
and the clerk with breathless interest.

"And then went out. As it was noth-
ing but black sand for molders' use,
nothing occurred beyond the upsetting
of the pitcher of wine as I fell forward in
a faint."

"But the scar?" asked the clerk.

"Kicked by a mule; usual way with
canal men."

CUT THE GRASS AT NIGHT.

It is very much better to cut grass in the
afternoon, says the New England
Times, than in the morning when we
with the dew on it. Cut it so late in the after-
noon that it will not have dried at all
crispy, and the dew of the following
night will not injure it in the least. We
have aimed to cut the grass afternoons
after the team has finished hauling in
the cured hay. It is cool then, and one
may run the machine until well into the
evening, if the work is driving and the
surface of the field is smooth and free
from obstructions that would endanger
the machine. The next morning, after
the dew is dried off, set the tedder going
and keep it busy until noon. In the af-
ternoon the hay will be dry enough to
go into the barn, and there has been no
expense in cooking and opening out the
crops again in the morning, as by the
old, and still quite common, way. When
grass is cut with a heavy dew on it, takes
the best part of the first day to get the
dew dried off; and it becomes necessary
to bunch it up at night, or leave it in the
winrow for another day's drying. By
adopting the method of afternoon cut-
ting, the risk from bad weather is reduc-
ed about one half, and the labor and
cost of curing quite materially. It never
injured grass to get wet after being cut if
it has not become very moldy. The heavier
the crop the greater will be the gain from
cutting in the afternoon. From two to
four hours of hot sunshine upon grass
free from dew is amply sufficient for
making it into the best of hay if it is
kept stirred during the time with a good
tedder. If the crop is very light, the
tedder may be dispensed with.

"O, Lor' EH 'Im Again"

In the early days of Methodism in
Scotland, a certain congregation, where
there was but one rich man, desired to
build a new chapel. A church meeting
was held. The old rich Scotchman rose
and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a
new chapel: I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from
the ceiling hit him on the head.
Looking up and seeing how bad it was
he said: "Brethren, it's worse than I
thought; I'll make a 50 pun."

"Oh Lord," exclaimed a devoted broth-
er on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

There are many human tabernacles
which are in sore need of radical build-
ing over, but we putter and fuss and
repair in spots without satisfactory re-
sults. It is only when we are person-
ally alarmed at the real danger that we
act independently, and do the right
thing. Then it is that we most keenly
regret because we did not sooner use
our judgment, follow the advice born of
the experience of others, and jump
away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read
this paragraph are in abject misery to-
day when they might be in a satisfactory
condition. They are weak, lifeless, full
of odd aches and pains, and every year
they know they are getting worse, even
though the best doctors are patching
them in spots. The origin of these aches
and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if
they would build these all over new with
Warner's safe cure as millions have done,
and cease investing their money in mis-
erable unsuccessful patchwork, they
would be well and happy and would
bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em"
and indicated the common sense course
for them to pursue.—London Press.

TRYING TO SELL A HORSE.

A Typical Conversation Between the Owner
and Some Experts.

New York Sun.

"What do you think of that horse?"
asked a Wall street banker to a friend
at an up-town boarding stable after the
close of business the other afternoon, as
he pointed to a thin legged specimen of
horseflesh which a hostler was hitching to
a road wagon.

"Looks a trifle aged," replied the
friend, as he gazed at the animal with a
knowing look.

"Whose crows it is that?" inquired
another friend, who joined the couple at
that moment.

"What do you think of him?" asked
one.

"What do I think of him?" He was
a respectable plow-horse once. Is he
young?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do with him?"
Sell him to a street car company I sup-
pose.

"That's the matter with him?"
"Can't you tell?" replied the other,
pitily. "I thought you understood
horses. He is foundered. Listen to
him breathe."

"What horse are you talking about?"
asked another acquaintance. "That bag
of bones?"

"Yes," replied the owner.

"Why don't you finish him? You've
got a good framework there. All you
need is to put the weatherboarding on,
then send him around to the uphol-
ster's to have some hair put on."

"When did you feed him last?" asked
another acquaintance. "He looks rather
shaky."

"He has windgalls on his hind legs,"
remarked one of the party. I wouldn't
give \$5 for him.

"He's 40 years old if he's a day," said
another. "Why don't you send him to
a museum?"

"He's got the bots," said another. I
had a horse once that had the bots, and
a horse that's got the bots ain't worth
shooting."

"What will you give me for him?"
asked the owner when the horsemen
had finished expressing their opinions.
Will any gentleman here give me \$500
for him?"

"Five hundred dollars for a horse
that's got the heaves?" asked one of the
party. "Why, I wouldn't give you 500
cents."

"Will you give me \$250?"
"No, sir," answered another. "That's
too much for a windgalled piece of bric-
a-brac. Why don't you have it stuffed
and varnished?"

"Will you give me \$100?" asked the
owner, who began to look as though he
was sick of his bargain.

"He isn't worth half that," said the
former speaker with decision.

"What will you give me, then?"
"I'll give you 10 cents if you'll throw
in the harness and pay the funeral if he
dies before I can drive him out to the
rigger's."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the owner
as he stepped into the wagon and started
to drive away. "I see I can't make a
trade here."

"That's a mighty good horse," said the
proprietor of the stable as the wagon
rattled out of the door.

"Good?" replied the others in deris-
ion.

"Yes, rather."

"How old is he?" they asked.

"Six years old."

"Yes, but he is all knocked out of
time."

"Sound as a dollar."

"In bad condition, though."

"Never in better. Made a record of
2:24 last week."

"The dickens! How much did he
cost?"

"Seven thousand five hundred dollars.
He's a full brother to Jay-Ee-See."

The next time the broker offers his
horse for sale for \$500 he will probably
get a taker.

Not to be Fooled Again.

Baptist Weekly.

A shepherd once, to prove the quick-
ness of his dog, who was lying before
the fire in the house where we were
talking, said to me in the middle of a
sentence concerning something else: "I
am thinking, sir, the cow is in the pot-
ato." Though he purposely laid no
stress on these words, and said them in a
quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog,
who appeared to be asleep, immediately
jumped up and leaping through an open
window, scrambled up the turrroof of the
house, from which he could see the po-
tato field. He then (not seeing the cow
there) ran and looked into the farm-
yard, where she was, and finding that
all was right, came back to the house.

After a short time the shepherd said the
same words again, and the dog repeated
the outlook, but, on the false alarm be-
ing a third time given, the dog got up,
and, wagging his tail, looked his master
a third time in the face, with so comical
an expression of interrogation that he
could not help laughing at him. On
which, with a slight growl, he laid him-
self down in his warm corner, with an
offended air, as if determined not to be
made fool of again.

STILL TO THE FRONT!

MORGAN & DANN,

Have just received their Fall and Winter Stock of

Dry Goods and Notions.

We Have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of

Caps, Gloves, Underwear AND Blankets

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

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FLANNELS & SUITINGS

CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Come and Examine Our Stock. No Trouble to Show Goods.

WE ALSO HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

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IN THE CITY.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD